A STRANGE PROPHET NOW IN ENGLAND.

BEING

A True Relation, ſent to a Perſon of Quality, now in OXFORD.

THERE *is a* ſtrange Prophet, *now in* England, *who knowes no Parents, neither did he ever ſuck his Mothers Breſts; he hath a* red Beard, *and goes* Bare-foot *like a* Gray-frier. *He wears no* Hat, *and his* Coat *is party-coloured; it's neither Dyed, Knit, Woven, nor Spun; it's made neither of Silk, Hair, Linnen, nor Wollen, but naturally of a good colour and gloſs. He drinks no Wine, nor Beer, but Water; and contems himſelf with a moderate Diet. He eſteems not Money, neither will he receive it if profered unto him. He walks neither with Stick, Staff, nor Sword; yet he* Marcheth Boldly *in the face of his Enemies: and can, if he pleaſeth, encounter with the ſtonteſt that wears an head, He is often abuſed by Wicked Men, yet he takes it patiently. He lets all Men alone with their Religion, neither doth he diſpute with any about it. He complains of the* Proteſtants, *and inclines to the* Papiſts, *who uſe him kindly in* Lent. *He ſleeps in no Bed, but ſtanding or ſitting; and is Admired by all Men for his Watchfullneſs; He* Crys out *upon the* Wicked World *with outſtretcht Arms. He is ſo skiled in all* Languages, *that Men of all Nations can underſtand him. He raiſeth up Men, by declaring that the* Day of the Lord is at hand! *The Doors and Windows flie open when he Propheſies,* Day *and* Night; *and Men find the* Effects true. *He was with* Noah *in the* Ark, *and with* Chriſt *when he was* Crucified. *He denies no* Article *of the* Chriſtian Faith.

He was lately at *Rocheſter.*